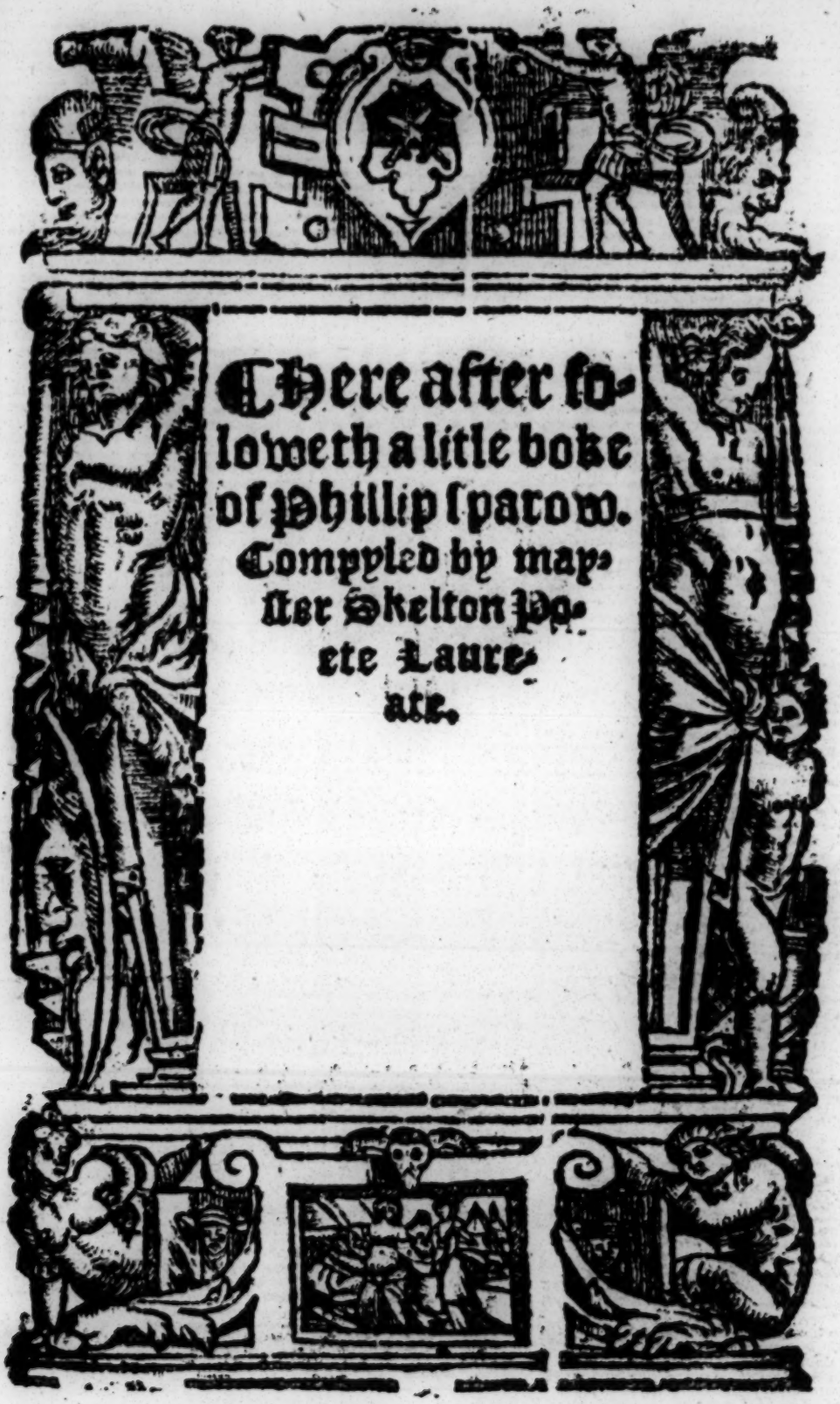

Here after followeth a litle boke of Phillip Sparow.

Compyled by mayster Skelton Poete Laureate.

Placebo
Who is there who
Dilexi.
Dame Margery
Fare my my
Wherfore and why whye
For the soul of Philip sparow
That was late slaine at Carow
Among the Nunnes blake
For that sweet soules sake
And for all sparowes soules
Set in our bead roules
Pater noster qui
With an Aue mari
And with the corner of a creed
The more shalbe your meed.

When I remembre agayne
How my philip was slaine
Neuer half the paine
Was betwene you twayne
Pyramus and Thesbe
As than befel to me

I wept and I wayled
The teares downe hayled
But nothing it auailed
To call Philip againe
Whom Gib our cat hathe slaine
Gib I say our cat
Worrowed her on that
Which I loued best
It cannot be expressed
My sorowful heauynes
But al with out redres
For within that stound
Halfe slumbryng in a sound
I fel downe to the ground
Wherwith I kest mine eyes
Toward the cloudy skyes
But whan I did behold
My sparow dead and cold
No creature but that wold
Haue rewed vpon me
To behold and se
What heauines did me pange
Wher with my hãdes I wrange
That

That my lenowes cracked
As though I had ben racked
So payned and so strained
That no life wel nye remained
I sighed and I sobbed
For that I was robbed
Of my sparowes life.
O mayden, wydow and wife
Of what estate ye be
Of hye or low degre
Great sorow than ye might se
And learne to wepe at me
Such paynes did me freat
That mine harte did beate
My vysage pale and dead
Wanne, and blue as lead.
The panges of hateful death
wel nye stopped my breath.

Hey hey me
That I am woe for thee
Ad dñm cum tribularer clamaui
Of god nothing els craue I
But

But Philips soule to kepe
From the marees deepe
Of Acherontes wel
That is a floud of hel
And from the greate Pluto
The prince of endles woe
And from soule Alecto
With visage blacke and blo
And from Medusa that mare
That lyke a feende doth stare
And from Megeras edders
From rustling of philips fethers
And from her firy sparklinges
For burning of his winges
And from the smokes soure
Of Proserpinas boure
And from the dennes darke
Where Cerberus doth barke
Whome Theseus did afray
Whome Hercules did out tray
As famous Poetes saye
For that hel hounde
That lyeth in chaynes bound

With

With gastly heades three
To Jupiter pray wee
That Philip preserued may be
Amen say ye wyth me.
¶ Do mi nus
Helpe nowe sweet Jesus
Leuaui oculos meos in montes
Wold God I had zenophontis.

OR Socrates the wyse
To shew me their deuise
Moderately to take
Thys sorow that I make
For Philyp sparowes sake
So feruently I shake
I fele my body quake
So vrgently I am brought
Into careful thought
¶ Like andromach hectorswife
Was weary of her lyfe
Whan she had lost her ioy
Noble Hector of Troy
In like maner also

Encreaseth my deadlye wot
For my sparow is go
It was so pretya foole
It wold syt on a stoole
And learned after my scoole
For to kepe his cut
With Phillip kepe your cut.
¶ It had a veluet cap
And wold syt vpon my lap
And seke after smal wormes
and sc̄time white bread crōmes
And many times and ofte
Betwene my brestes soft
It wold lye and rest
It was propre and prest
¶ Somtime he wold gaspe
Whan he saw a waspe
A flye or a gnat
He wold fly at that
And pretely he wold pant
Whan he saw an ant
Lord how he wold pry
After the butter fly

Lord

Lord how he wold hop
After the gressop
And whan I sayd, phyp phip
Than he wold leape and skip
And take me by the lip
Alas it wyl me sloe
That Philip is gone me fro
¶ Si in iniquitates
Alas I was euil at ease
¶ De profundis clamaui
Whan I saw my sparowe dye.

Nowe after my dome
Dame Sulpicia at Rome
whose name registred was
For euer in tables of bras
Because that she did pas
In poesy to endyte
And eloquently to write
Though she wold pretend
Mr sparow to commend
I trow she could not amend
Reporting the vertues al

Of my ſparow royal
¶ For it wold come and go
And fle ſo to and fro
And on me it wold lepe
Whan I was a ſlepe
And his fethers ſhake
Where wyth he wold make
Me often for to wake
And for to take him in
Upon my naked ſkin
God wot we thought no ſyn
What though he crept ſo low
It was no hurt I trow
He did nothing perdee
But ſyt vpon my knee
Philip though he were nife
In him it was no vife
Phillip had leaue to go
¶ To pike my litle too
Philip might be bold
And do what he wold
Philip wold ſeke and take
All the flees blake

that

That he coulde there espye
With his wanton eye
¶ O pe ra
La soll fa fa
cõfitebor tibi dñe toto corde meo
Alas I wold ride and go.

A Thousand mile of ground
If any such might be found
it were worth an hundreth poũd
Of kynge Cresus golde
Or of Artalus the old
The ryche Prince of pargame
Who so list the story to se.
Cadmus that his sister sought
And he should be boughte
For golde and fee
He should ouer the sea
To wete, if he coulde brynge
Any of the sprynge
Or anye of the bloude
But who so vnderstode
Of Medeas arte

I wold I had a part
Of hevecrafty magike
my ſparow thã ſhould be quyck
Wyth a charme or twaine
And play with me agayne
But al this is in vaine
Thus for to complaine
I toke my ſampler oves
Of purpoſe for the noues
To ſow with ſtitches of ſilke
My ſparow white as mylke
That by repreſentacion
Of his Image and facion
To me it might Impors
Some pleaſure and comfort
For my ſolace and ſport
but whã I was ſowing his beke
me thought my ſparow did ſpeke
And opened his pretybil
Saying, maid ye are in wil
Again me for to kil
ye pricke me in the head
With that my nedle waxed red

Ye

We thought of phillyps blowe
Wyne here right vpstode
And was in such a fray
Wy speche was taken away
I kest downe that there was
And sayd alas, alas
How commeth this to pas
Wy fingers dead and cold
Could not my sampler hold
Wy nedle and threde
I threw away for drede
The best now that I may
Is for his soule to pray.
A porta inferi
Good Lord haue mercie
Upon my sparowes soule
Wryten in my bede roule
Au di ui vo cem
Japhet cam and Sem
Ma gni fi cat
Shew me the right path.
O the hilles of armonys
Wherfore the birdes yet cry

Of your fathers bote
That was sometime a flote
And now they lye and rote
Let some poetes wryte
Deucalions floud it hight
But as verely, as ye be
The naturall sonnes three
Of Noe the Patriarke
That made that great arte
Wherin he had apes and owles
Beastes, byrdes, and foules
That if ye can synde
Any of my sparowes kinde
God sende the soule good rest
I woulde yet haue a nest
As pretty and as prest
As my sparow was
But my Sparow dyd pas
All sparowes of the wod
That were since Noes floud
Was neuer none so good
King Philip of Macedony
Had no such Philip as I

No

No no syr hardely.
I That vengeaunce I aske & cry
By way of exclamacion
On al the whole nacyon
Of Cattes wilde and tame
God send them sorow and shame
That Cat specially
That slue so cruelly
My litle pretty sparow
That I brought vp at Carow.
O cat of churlyshe kynde
The feend was in thi minde
Whan thou my byrd vntwinde
I wolde thou haddest ben blynd
The leopardes sauage
The lyons in their rage
Might catche the in their pawes
And gnaw the in theyr iawes
These serpentes of Libany
Might sting thee venemously
The dragons with their tunges
Might poison thi liuer & lunges
The manticors of ỹ mountaynes

Might

Might feed them on thi braines
¶ Melanchates that hound
that plucked Acteō to the groūd
Gaue him his mortal wound
Chaunged to a deere
The story doth appeere
Was chaunged to an hart
So thou foule cat, that thou art
The selfe same hound
Might thee confound
That his own Lord bote
Might bite a sunder thy throte
¶ Of Inde the gredy gripes
Might teare out al thy tripes
Of Arcady the beares
Might plucke away thine eares
The wilde wolfe Licaon
Bite a sondre thy backe bone
Of Ethna the brenning hil
that day and night brenneth styl
Set in thy tayle a blase
That al the world may gase
And wonder vpon thee

Frō

From Occion the great sea
Unto the Iles of Orchadye
From Tilbery ferry
To the playne of Salisbery
So trayterously my byrd to kyll
That neuer ought the euil wil
Was neuer bird in cage
More gentil of corage
In doing his homage
Unto his soueraine
Alas I say agayne
Death hath departed vs twayne
The false cat hath the slaine
Farewel Phillip a dew
Our Lord thy soule receiue
Farewel without restore
Farewel for euermore
And it were a Iew
It wold make one rew
To se my sorow new
These vilanus false cattes
Were made for mise and rattes
And not for byrdes smal

Alas my face waxeth pale
Telling this pyteous tale
How my byrd so fayre
That was wont to repayre
And often at my fpayre
And gape in at my goze
Of my goune beforze
Flickering with his winges
Alas my hert it ſtrynges
Remembzing pzety thynges
Alas myne hart it ſleeth
Wy Philips doleful death
When I remembze it
How pzetely it wold ſit
Many tymes and oft
Upon my finger aloft
I played with him tittel tattel
And fed him with my ſpattel
With his bil betwene my lips
It was my pzety Whips
Many a pzety kuſſe
Had I of his ſwete muſſe
And now the cauſe is thus

that

That he is slayne me fro
To myne great payne and wo
Of fortune this the chaunce
Standeth on barvaunce
Oft time after pleasaunce
Trouble and greuaunce
No man can be sure
Alwaye to haue pleasure
As wel perceiue ye may
How my disport and playe
From me was taken away
By Gyb our cat sauage
That in a furious rage
Caught Philip by the head
And slue him there starke dead.
Kyrieleyson Christe eleyson
Kyrie leyson.

FOr Philip sparowes soule
Set in our bead roule
Let vs now whysper
A Pater noster.
Laudate anima mea dominū.

To weep with me loke ye come
Al maner of byrds in your kynd
See none be left behynd
To morning loke that ye fast
With dolorous songes funerall
Some to sing, and some to say
Some to weep and some to pray
Euery bird in his lay
The Goldfinch, the wagtaile
The iangling Jay to rayle
The flecked Pye to chatter
Of this dolorous matter
And Robyn red brest
He shalbe the preest
The Requiem masse to sing
Softly warbeling
With helpe of the red sparow
And the chattering swallow
This hearse for to halow
The Larke with his long toe
The spinke & the Martinet also
the shouelar with his brode beck
the doterel that foolish pecke

And

And also the mad coote
with a balde face to toote
the felde fare and the snyte
The crowe and the kyte
the rauen called rolfe
His playne songe to solfe
the partryche, the quayle
the plouer wyth vs to wayle
the wodhacke ỹ singeth churre
Hoarsly as he had the murre
the lusty chaunting nightingale
the popingay to tel her tale
that toteth oft in a glasse
Shal rede the Gospel at masse
the mauis with her whistel
Shal rede there the pistell.
¶ But with a large and a long
to kepe iust playne songe
Our chaūters shalbe ỹ Cuckoue
the Culuer, the stockedoue
With puwyt the Lapwing
the versycles shal synge
The Bitter with his bumpe

The Crane with his trumpe
The swan of Menander
The Goose and the Gander
the ducke and the drake
Shal watch at thys wake
the Pecocke so proude
Because hys voyce is loud
And hath a glorious tale
He shal syng the grayle
the Owle that so foule
Must helpe vs to howle
the Heron so gaunt
And the cormoraunte
Wyth the Fesaunt
And the gaglyng gaunte
And the churlish Choughe
the rout and the kough
the barnacle, the bussard
With the wilde mallard
the diuendop to sleep
the water hen to weep
the puffin, and the tele
Honey they shal dele
to poore folke at large

That shalbe theyr charge
The semew, and the titmose
The wodcocke with ỳ long nose
The threstil with her warblinge
The starling with her brablinge
The rooke, with the Ospray
That putteth fishes to affray
And the deinty curlew
With the turtil most true
At thys placebo
We may not wel forgo
The countring of the co
The storke also
That maketh his nest
In chimneyes to rest
Within those walles
Nor broken galles
Waye there abide
Of cokoldry syde
Orels Philosophy
Maketh a great lye
The Estridge that will eate
An horshowe so greate

In the stede of meat
Such feruent heat
His stomake so great
He cannot wel fly
Nor synge tunably
yet at abrayde
He hath wel assayd
to solfa aboue Ela
Ga lorell fa fa
Ne quando
Male cantando
the best that we can
to make him our belman
An let him rung the bels
He can do nothing els.
Chaunteclere our Cocke
Must tel what is of the clocke
By the astrologye
that he hath naturally
Conceyued and caught
And was neuer taught
By Albumazer
the Astronomer

Nor by ptholomy
Prince of Astronomy
Nor yet by Haly
And yet he croweth dayly
And nightly the tydes
that no man abides
With partlot his hen
Whome now and then
He plucketh by the hed
whan he doth her tred
The bird of Arabye
that potencially
May neuer dye
and yet there is none
But one alone
Aphenex it is
this herse that must blis
with armaticke gummes
that cost great summes
the way of thurification
to make fumigation
Swete of reflarye
And redolent of ayre

This corse for to sence
With great reuerence
As Patriarke or Pope
In a blacke cope
Whiles he sensyth
He shal syng the verse
Libera me
In de la sol re
Softly be mole
For my sparowes soule
Plinni sheweth al
In his story natural
What he doth kinde
Of the Phenix kinde
Of whose incineracion
There riseth a new creacion
Of the same facion
Without alteracion
Sauing that old age
Is turned into corage
Of fresh youth again
This matter true and playne
Playne matter in deed

Who so lyst to rede
But for the Egle doth fly
Hyest in the sky
He shalbe thy se deane
The quere to demeane
As prouost principal
To teach them their Ordinal
Also the noble fawcon
With the gerfawcon
The tarsel gentil
They shal morne soft and stil
In theyr amisse of gray
The sacre with them shal say
Dirige for Philips soul
The Goshauke shall haue a roul
The querestrers to controul
The lanners and marlions
shal stād i their mourniggounes
The hobby and the musket
the sēsers and the crosse shal fet
The kestrel in al this warke
Shalbe holy water clarke.

And

And now the darke cloudy night
Chaseth away phebus bryght
taking his course toward ỹ west
god sẽd mi sparoes soul good rest
Requiẽ eternã dona eis domine
fa fa fa my re re
A poz ta in fe ri
fa fa fa my my
Credo videre bona domini.
I pzai god phillip to heuẽ mai flit
Domine exaudi ozacionẽ meam
to heauẽ he shall frõ heuẽ he cam
Do mi nus vo bis cum
of al good pzayers god send him
Ozemus. sum
dey cui ppziũ est miserere ẽ pcere
On phillips soule haue pity.

FOz he was a pzety cocke
And came of a gentil stocke
and wzapt in a maidẽs smock
And cherished ful daintely
til cruel fate made him to dye
Alas

Alas for doleful desteny
But where to shal I
Lenger morne or cry:
To Jupiter I cal
Of heauen emperial
That Philip may fly
Aboue the sterry sky
To treade the piety wyen
That is our Ladies hen
Amen, amen, amen
¶ Yet one thing is behinde
That now commeth to mi minde
An Epitaphe I wold haue
For Philips graue
But for I am a mayde
Timerous, halfe a frayde
That neuer yet assayde
Of Elycones wel
Where the muses dwel
Though I can rede and spel
Recount, report and tell
Of the tales of Caunterbury
Some sad storyes, some mery

As Palamon, and Arcet
Duke Theseus and partelet
Also of the wife of Bath
Whey worketh much scath
Whan her tale is told
Among hus wiues bold
How she controld
Her husbandes as she wold
And them to dispise
In the homeliest wise
Eying other wiues in thought
their husbādes to set at naughte
And though that red haue I
Of Gawen and syr Guy
And tel can a great peece
Of the golden fleece
How Jason it wan
Like a valiaunt man
Of Arturs round table
with his knyghtes commēdable
And dame Gaynour hys Quene
was somwhat wanton I wene
How syr Launcelote de lake

Want

Many a speare brake
For his Ladyes sake
Of Tristram and kyng Marke
And all the whole warke
Of bele Isold his wife
For whom was muche strife
Some say she was lyght
And made her husband knighte
Of the commen hal
That cuckoldes men cal
And of sir Libius
Named Disconius
Of quater kyn Amund
And how they were sommond
To Rome to Charlemayne.
Upon a great payne
And how they rode each one
On Bayard Mountalbon
Men se him now and than
In the forest Arden
What though I can frame
The storyes by name

Of

Of Judas Machabeus
And of Cesar Julius
And of the loue betwene
Paris and biene
And of the duke of Hannybal
That made the Romaynes al
For drede and to quake
How Scipion did wake
The citie of Cartage
Whiche by his vnmerciful rage
He beat down to the ground
And though I can expound
Of Hector of Troye
That was all their ioye
Whome Achilles slue
Wherfore all Troy did rue
And of the loue so hote
That made Troylus to dote
Upon fayre Cresseyde
And what they wrote and sayd
And of their wanton wils
Pandaer bare the byls
From one to the other

Vys

His maisters loue to further
Somtime a precious thyng
An ouche or els a ryng
From her to him agayn
Somtime a prety chain
Or a bracelet of her heare
Prayed Troylus for to weare
That token for her sake
How hartely he did it take
And much therof did make
And al that was in vayne
For she dyd but fayne
The story telleth playne
He could not obtayne
Though his father were a king
Yet there was a thyng
That made the male to wryng
She made him to sing
The song of louers laye
Musing night and daye
Mourning all alone
Comfort had he none
For she was quyte gone

Thus in conclusion
She broughte him in abusion
In earnest and in game
She was much to blame
Disparaged is her fame
And blemisshed is her name
In maner half wyth shame
Troylus also hath lost
On her much loue and cost
And now must kisse the post
Pandara that went betweeu
Hath won nothyng I weeu
But light for somer greene
yet for a special laud
He is named Troyllous baud
Of that name he is sure
Whiles the world shal dure.
Though I remẽbre the fable
Of Penelope most stable
To her husband most trew
Yet long time she ne knew
Whether he were on liue or ded
Her wit stode her in sted

that

That she was true and iuste
For anye bodelye luste
To Ulixes her make
And neuer wold him forsake
Of Marcus Marcellus
Aprosles I could tel vs
And of Anteocus
And of Josephus
De antiquitatibus
And of Mardocheus
And of great assuerus
And of Uesca his Queene
Whome he forsoke with teene
And of Hester his other wife
with whom he led a pleasaũt life
Of kinge Alexander
And of kyng Euander
And of Porcena the greate
that made the romains to swate
Though I haue entold
A thousande newe and old
Of these historyous tales
To fil bougets and males

With bookes that I haue red
Yet I am nothinge sped
And can but lytle skyl
Of Ouid or Virgil
Or of Plutharke
Or of Fraunces Petrarke
Alcheus or Sapho
Or suche other Poetes moe
As Linus and Homerus
Enphorion and Theocritus
Anacreon an Arion
Sophocles and Philemon
Pindarus and Dimonides
Philistion and Phorocides
These Poetes of auncientie
They are to diffuse for me
For as I to fore haue sayd
I am but a yonge mayd
And cannot in effect
My stile as yet direct
With englyshe wordes elect
Our natural tonge is rude
And hard to be enneude

Wyth polyshed termes lusty
Our language is so rusty
So cankered and so full
Of frowardes and so dull
That if I wold apply
To write ordinately
I wot not where to finde
Termes to serue my mynde
Gowers englyshe is olde
And of no value is tolde
His matter is worthy gold
And worthy to be enrold
In Chaucer I am sped
His tales I haue red
His mater is delectable
Solacious and commendable
His englishe wel alowed
So as it is enprowed
For as it is enployed
There is no englyshe boyd
At those dayes much commended
And now me wold haue amended
his englith where at they barke
And

And marre all they warke
Chaucer that famous Clarke
His tearmes were not darcke
But pleasaunt easy, and playne
No worde he wrote in vayne
Also Thon Lydgate
Wryteth after an hyer rate
It is difficile to fynde
The sentence of his mind
yet wryteth he in his kind
No man that can amend
Those maters that he hath pend
yet some men finde a faut
And say he wryteth to haut
Wherfore hold me excused
If I haue not wel perused
Myne englyshe halfe abused
Thoughe it be refused
In worth I shal it take
And fewer wordes make
But for my sparowes sake
yet as a woman maye
My wit I shal assay

An

An Epytaphe to wryghte
In latyne playne and lyght
Wherof the Elegy
Foloweth by, and by
Flos volucrum formose vale
Philippe sub isto
Marmore iam recubas
Qui mihi carus eras
Semper erunt ni ido
Radiantia sidera celo
Impressusque meo
Pectore semper eris
Per me Laurigerum
Britanum Skeltonida vaten
hec cecinisse licet
Ficta sub imagine texta
Cuius eris volucris
Prestanti corpore virgo
Candida Nais erat
Formosior ista Joanna est
Docta corinna fuit
Sed magis ista sapit
Bien men souient

The

¶ The commendacions.

Beati immaculati in via
O glo rio sa femina
Now mine hole imaginaciō
And studious meditacion
Is to take this commendacion
In this consideracion
And vnder pacient tolleracyon
Of that most godly mayd
That Placebo hath sayd
And for her sparow prayd
In lamentable wyse
Now wyl I enterpryse
Thorow the grace diuine
Of the muses nine
her beauty to commend
If Arethusa wyl send
Me enfluence to endite
And with my pen to write
If Apollo wyl promyse
Melodiouslye it to deuise
his tunable harpe stringes
With armonye that synges

Of

Of Princes and of kinges
And of all pleasaunt thynges
Of lust and of delyght
Throwe his godly might
To whome be the laud ascrybed
That my pen hath enbibed
With the aureat droppes
As verelye my hope is
Of Thagus that golden floud
That passeth al the earthly good
And as that floud dothe pas
Al floudes that euer was
With hys golden sandes
Who so that vnderstandes
Cosmography: and the stremes
And ẏ floudes in straúge remes
Ryght so she doth excede
Al other of whom we rede
Whose fame by me shall spryde
Into Perce and Myde
From britons Albion
To the toure of Babilon
I trust it is no shame

And

And no manne wyl me blame
Thoughe I regester her name
In the courte of fame
For thys moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Iupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Retribue seruo tuo viuifica me
Labia mea laudabunt te.

But enforsed am I
Openlye to askry
And to make an out cry
Agaynste odyous enuye
That euermore wyl lye
And saye cursedlye
With hys lether eye
And chekes drye
With vysage wan
As warte as tan
his bones crake

Len

Leane as a rake
Hys gummes rustye
Are full vnlustye
Hys harte wyth all
Bytter as gall
His liuer his longes
With anger is wronge
Hys serpentes tonge
That many one hath stonge
He frowneth euer
he laugheth neuer
Euen noz mozowe
But otherwens sozowe
Causeth him to grin
And reioice therein.
No slepe can hym catche
But euer dothe watche
he is so bete
With malice and frete
Wyth anger and yre
his foule desyre
Wyl suffer no sleep
In hys heade to creep

hys

Hys foule semblaunte
All displeasaunte
Whan other are glad
Than is he sad
Frantycke and mad
his tounge neuer styl
For to saye yll
Wrythyng and wryngyng
Bytynge and stingyng
And thus this elf
Consumeth hym selfe
hym selfe dothe sloe
Wyth payne and woe
This fals envy
Sayth that I
Use greate follye
For to endite
And for to wryte
And spende my time
In prose and rime
For to expres
The noblenes
Of my maistres

That causeth me
Studious to be
To make a relation
Of her commendacyon
And there agayne
Enuy doth complayne
And hath disdaine
But yet certayne
I wyl be playne
And my stile dres
To this prosses
Nowe Phebus me ken
To sharpe my pen
And leade my fyste
As hym best lyst
That I may say
Honoure alwaye
Of woman kynde
Trouthe dothe me bynde
And loyaltie
Euer to be
Their true bedel
To wryte and tel

How

How women excel
In noblenes
As my mayſtres
Of whome I thinke
With pen and ynke
For to compyle
Some goodly ſtile
For thys moſte goodly floure
This bloſſom of freſh colour
So Jupiter me ſuccour
She floriſheth new and new
In beautie and vertue
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Legem pone michi domine in viam iuſtificationum tuarum.
Quẽ admodũ deliderat ceruus ad fontes aquarum.

HOwe ſhal I repoꝛte
All the goodly ſoꝛt
Of her fetures cleere
That hath none earthly peere
Her fauoure of her face

Ennew

Ennewed with al grace
Confort, pleasure and solace
Wine hart doth so embrace
And so hath rauished me
Her to behold and se
That in wordes playne
I cannot me refrayne
To loke on her agayne
Alas what shoulde I sayne
It were a pleasaunte payne
Wyth her aye to remayne
Her eyen graye and steepe
Causeth myne harte leepe
With her browes bente
She maye wel represente
Fayre Lucres as I weene
Orels fayre Dolorene
Orelse Caliope
Or els Penolope
For thys moste goodlye floure
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new

In

In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Memor esto verbi tui seruo tuo
Seruus tuus sum ego.

The Indy Saphyre blewe
Her vaynes doth ennewe
The Orient pearle so clere
The whitnes of her lere
The lusty ruby ruddes
Resemble the Rose buddes
Her lippes soft and mery
Emblomed like the chery
It were an heauenly blysse
Her sugred mouthe to kysse
Her beauty to augment
Dame nature hath her lente
A warte vpon her cheke
Who so lyst to seeke
In her visage a skar
That semeth from a far
Lyke to the radyant star
All with fauour fret

So

So proprely it is set
She is the violet
The daisy delectable
The columbine commendable
This ielofer amiable
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe coloure
So Jupiter me succoure
She florysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Bonitatē fecisti cū seruo tuo dn̄a
Et ex precordus sonāt preconia.

And whan I perceiued
Her wart and conceiued
It cannot be denaid
But it was wel conuaid
And set so womanly
And nothing wantonly
But right conuenientlye
And full congruently
As nature could deuise.

In moste goodly wyse
Who so lyst behold
It maketh louers bold
To her to sue for grace
Her fauour to purchase
The ker vpon her chin
Enhached on her fayre skin
Whiter than the swan
It wold make any man
To forget deadly syn
Her fauour to wyn
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour
So Jupiter me succour
She florisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina.
Defecit in salutate tuã aia mea
quid petis filio, mater dulcissima
Dit and make no din (ba ba
For now I wyl begyn
To haue in remembraunce

Her

Her goodly valyaunce
And her goodly pastaunce
So lad and so demure
Behauing her so sure
With wordes of pleasure
She wold make to the rule
And any man conuert
To geue her his whole hart
She made me sore amased
Upon her whan I gased
Me thought mine hart was era
My eyen were so dased (sed
For this most goodly flour
The blossome of fresh colour
So Jupiter me succoure
She flowysheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Quomodo dilixi legem tuã dña.
Recedant vetera noua sunt oia.

AND to amend her taie
Whan she lyst to assaie

And with her fyngers ſmal
And handes ſoft as ſilke
Whiter than milke
That are ſo quickely bayned
Wherwith my hand ſhe ſtrained
Lord how I was payned
Unneth I me refrayned
How ſhe me had reclaymed
And me to her retayned
Enbrayſyng ther with all
Her goodly middle ſmal
With ſides long and ſtreyt
To tel you what conceit
I had than in a trice
The matter were to nyce
And yet there was no vyce
Nor yet no villany
But only fantaſy
For this moſt goodly flour
The bloſſome of freſh colour
So Jupiter me ſuccour
She floriſheth new and new
In beautie and vertew

Hac

Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
¶ Iniquos odio habui
Non calumnientur me superbi.
But whereto should I note
How often dyd I tote
Upon her pryety fote
It rayled myne hart rote
To see her treade the grounde
With heles short and rounde
She is plainly expresse
Egeria the goddesse
And lyke to her ymage
Imporatured with corage
A louers pilgrimage
There is no best sauage
Ne no tygre so wood
But she wold chaunge his mood
Such relucent grace
Is formed in her face
For this most goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colours
So Iupiter me succour

She

She flourysheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Mirabilia testimonia tua sus
sicut nouelle plãtacões i iuuẽtute

SO goodly as she dresses
So properly she presses
The bryght golden tresses
Of her heare so tyne
Lyke Phebus beames shyne
Where to should I disclose
The garteryng of her hose
It is for to suppose
Howe that she can weare
Gorgiously her geare
Her freshe habilementes
With other implementes
To serue for all ententes
Lyke dame flora queene
Of lusty somer grene
This moste goodly flour
This blossome of freshe colour

So

So Jupiter me succoure
She floryſheth new and new
In beauty and vertew
Hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Clamaui ſ toto corde exaudi me.
Mia tua magna eſt ſuper me.

HEr kyrtel ſo goodly laſed
And vnder that is braced
Such pleaſures that I mai
Neither wryte nor ſay
yet though I write not with ink
No man can let me thinke
For thought hath liberti
Thought is franke and free
To thynke a mery thought
It coſt me litle or nought
Wold god mine homely ſtile
Were polliſhed with the file
Of Ciceros eloquence
To prayſe her excellence
The mooſte goodlye floure
This bloſſome of freſhe coloure

So

D4

So Jupiter me succoure
She floryſheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O glorioſa femina
Pricipes perſecuti ſũt me gratis
Oibus cõſideratis. Paradiſꝰ vo
luptatis, hec virgo eſt dulciſſima

MI pen it is vnable
My hand it is vnſtable
My reaſon rude and dull
To prayſe her at the full
Goodly maiſtres Jane
Sobre, demure Diane
Jane this maiſtres hight
The lode ſtar of delyght
Dame Venus of all pleaſure
The wel of worldlye treaſure
She doth excede and paſſe
In Prudence dame Pallas
The mooſte goodlye floure
This bloſſome of freſhe coloure
So Jupiter me ſuccoure

She

She flourisheth new and new
In beauty and vertue
hac claritate gemina
O gloriosa femina
Requiē eternam dona eis dñe
with this psalm. Dñe probasti
Shall saile ouer the sea (me
with tibi domine commēdamus
On pilgrimage to saint Jamys
For shrympes, and for prawnes
And for stalkynge cranes
And wher my pen hath offended
I pray you it may be amended
By discrete consideracion
Of your wise reformacion
I haue not offended I trust
If it be sadly discust
It were no gentle guyse
This treatise to dispise
Because I haue writen and said
honour of this fayre maid
Wherfore should I be blamed
That I Jane haue named

And

And famously proclamed
She is worthy to be enrold
With letters of golde.

¶ Carelle vault.

Per me Laurigerum Britonis
Skeltonida fatem
Laudibus eximiis merito, hec
remedita puella est
Formosam porecini qua non for-
mosior vlla est
Formosam potius, quam cõmen-
daret homerus
Sic iuuat interdũ regidos reere
are labores
Nec minus hoc titulo tersa mi-
nerua mea est.
Rien que plaisere.

Thus endeth ꝑ boke of ꝑhilip
sparow, & here foloweth an ad-
dicion made by maister Skeltõ.

The

The gyse now a dayes
Of some ianglyng iayes
Is to discommend
That they cannot amend
Though they wold spend
All the wyttes they haue
What ayle them to deprave
Phillip sparowes graue
His dirige: her commendacion
Can be no derogacion
But myrth and consolacion
Made by protestacion
No man to miscontent
With Phillippes enterement
Alas that goodly mayd
Why should she be afrayd
Why should she take shame
That her goodly name
Honorably reported
Should be set and sorted
To be matticulate
With Ladyes of estate
I coniure the Phillip sparow

By

By Hercules that hel dyd harow
And with a venemous arow
Slewe of the Epidaures
One of the Centaures
Or Onocentaures
Or Hipocentaurius
By whose might and mains
An hart was slayne
With hornes twayne
Of glittering gold
And the appels of gold
Of Hesperides with hold
And with a dragon kept
That neuer more slept
By marcial strengthe
He wan at lenght
And slue Gerion
With thre bodies in one
With mighty corage
Inaunted the rage
Of a Lyon sauage
Of Dyomedes stable
He brought out a sable

Of courſers and rounſes
With leapes and bounſes
And with mighty lugging
Wreſtlyng and tuggyng
He plucked the bul
By the hornedſkul
And offred to Cornucopis
And ſo forth percetera
Alſo by Ecates bower
In Plutus gaſtly tower
By the vglye Eumenides
That neuer haue reſt nor eaſe
By the venemous ſerpent
That in hel is neuer brente
In Lerna the Grekes ken
That was engendred then
By Chemeras flames
And all the deadly names
Of infernal poſty
Where ſoules fry and rouſty
By the ſtigial flood
And the ſtreames wood
Of Cocitus botumles wel

By

By the ferryman of hel
Caron with his beard hore
That roweth with a rude ore
And with his fore top
Giueth his bote with a prop
I coniure Philip and tal
In the name of kyng Saul
Primo regum expresse
He had the Phitonesse
To wytchecraft her to dres
And by her abusions
And damnable illusyons
Of meruelous conclusions
And by her superstitions
And wonderful condicions
She rayled vp in that stede
Samuel that was deade
But whether it were so
He were, idem in numero
The selfe same Samuel
How be it to Saule dyd he tel
The Philistines shuld him aslrye
And the next day he should dye

I wyl my self discharge
To lettred men at large
But Philip I coniure thee
Now by these names three
Diana in the woodes grene
Luna that so bryght doth shyne
Proserpina in hell
that thou shortly tel
And shew now vnto me
What the cause may be
Of this perplexitie
Infera phillippi Seroupe pulchra Iohāna
Instanter persit, cur nostri carminis illam
Nūc puder, est sero, minor est infamia vero.
Than such as haue disdayned
And of thys worke complayned
I pray God they be payned
No worse than is contayned
In verses two or three
that folowe as ye may see
Luride cur liuor volucris pia funera dānas
Talia te rapiant, rapiūt que fata vulucrum
Est tamen inuidia mors tibi continua.

Imprinted at London in Foster-
lane, by Ihon Walley.